some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

*Bar.* *Sir Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not above seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not above once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, lived well, and in good compasse, and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Doe thou amend thy face, & I'le amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, I'le be sworne, I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I thinke upon hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple: for there he is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way give to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's gods Angel*: But thou art altogether given over; & wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of utter darkneſſe. When thou runst up *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchase in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, and everlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saved me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Taverne & Taverne: but the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* God a mercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How



How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquired yet who pickt my pocket? *Enter Hos*

*Host.* Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you think *Sir Iohn*? do yo I keepe theeves in my house? I have searcht, I have inq haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by s the tight of a haire was never lost in my house before

*Fal.* Ye lie, Hostesse, *Bardoll* was shav'd and lost many and i'le be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you ar man, goe.

*Hos.* Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was never c mine own house before.

*Fal.* Goe to, I know you well enough.

*Hos.* No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, and now yo a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have given them away t wives, they have made boulters of them.

*Hos.* Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij.s.a owe money here besides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and b ings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

*Fals.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Hos.* He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poore? looke upon his face: What call y let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, i'l a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall have my pocket pick lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty mar

*Hos.* O Jesu, I have heard the *Prince* tell him, I k how oft, that Ring was Copper.

*Fals.* How? the *Prince* is a Jack, a sneak-cap: Zblou were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he wou

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets hi playing on his Trunchion like a Fife,*

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the wind in that doore y faith Must we all march?

*Bar.* Yea two and two; Newgate fashion.

*Hos.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.